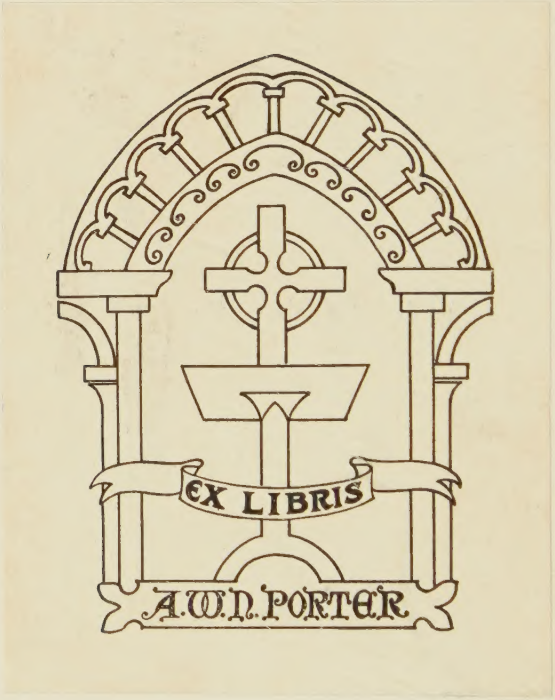
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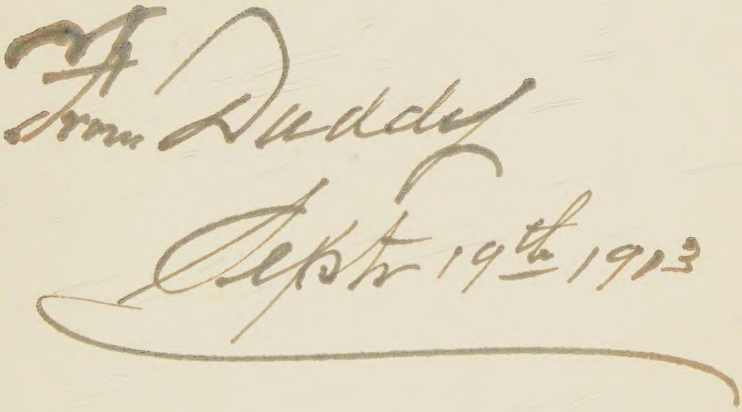
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CHRIST PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Los Angeles, Cal.

Saturday Night Sermons

By
REV. GEO. THOS. DOWLING, D. D.
Rector of Christ Protestant Episcopal Parish,
Los Angeles, Cal.

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THOMAS WHITTAKER
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By THOMAS WHITTAKER

I dedicate this little work
to my wise counselors and beloved friends,
to whom the success of
Christ Church is so largely due
MY VESTRY

Judge Albert M. Stephens, *Senior Warden*
Mr. Geo. W. Parsons, *Junior Warden*

Mr. Alexander Mills	Mr. W. D. Woolwine
Mr. Wm. B. Shaw	Mr. Geo. Chaffey
Mr. F. O. Wyman	Mr. R. H. Herron
Mr. Wesley Clark	Mr. Edwin T. Earl

Mr. Samuel Haskins, *Clerk*

THESE quiet talks have already been delivered to a congregation of more than forty thousand persons. The listeners have not assembled in any single church, but have been scattered through the various cities, and towns, and villages of Southern California; for these "Saturday Night Sermons" have appeared from week to week on the editorial page of the *Los Angeles Express.*

They have been written for busy people, and their practical purpose has been to sound the note of courage and good cheer for those who have sometimes felt the weariness of the journey. Their aim has been to make life stronger and gladder, and it is with this hope that they are now gathered and sent forth in the name of the Master.

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DAY BY DAY.

"Day by Day."—LUKE 11 : 3.

FOUR years ago to-morrow on the first Sunday in October, 1899, I preached for the first time in this city of Los Angeles. I was a stranger, intending to tarry only for a little while, and for the sake of her I loved. It never seemed possible then that I should be here now, but gradually the little company that met that day, in the little frame structure on Pico Street, I learned to know, and after that to love. And then I think they learned to love me.

When the years had gone by and the shadows, which sooner or later must fall upon us each, had darkened my door, and I stood in the starlit night, looking out toward the hills and the prairies which separated me from the scenes of other years, asking myself where henceforth I should build my lonely home, I turned back to them again and said: "I want to dwell with you." And so I shall, I hope,

until God's voice shall say, "Your work for this people who have loved and sorrowed with you is now done."

Now to-night I am beginning a new ministry. Hereafter I shall speak not only to those into whose faces I shall look when Sunday morning comes, but week after week to many thousands more whom I may never see and who may never see me. Because henceforth this is to be to me another pulpit, so that when the week is almost done and just before the Sunday has begun and you gather by the fireside, you with the children about you, I shall step in quietly, and, sitting down beside you, shall utter my word of kindliness and good cheer.

And I want it to be just that: a word of kindliness, something which perhaps may make the week's load a little less heavy, something which may give you courage to go out into the world again with a smile of hope in your heart, with a deeper belief in man and a more real belief in God. And that is the reason why I have chosen this text to-night. I wonder if you know how many times those three little words have made a cottage brighter than

a palace, how many times they have changed a sick-room into a guest-chamber for the king!

They are the long stretches which weary us. To every man and woman who lives, the hours come when it seems, even though we are glad to do our best, that we cannot carry for a whole lifetime, the burdens and the duties laid upon us. Well, if we have learned the meaning of this little word we do not have to. Sleep comes in between, and the family intercourse and the greetings of friends, and at the most it is only "day by day." Too often we try to live three days at a time, and therein is where we make our mistake. We seek to carry yesterday and to-morrow and to-day, too.

No wonder the buoyant step fails and the joyous countenance fades, and we go bowed and heavy-laden. And so the Master comes and says, with infinite pity in His heart and a tender smile of rebuke upon His lips, "Poor, foolish men and women! Why are you not wiser? I lived your life once, with all its little misunderstandings and all its anxieties; but in the midst of it all I dwelt in quiet peace. And so may you. Leave something

to your Father. He cares for you, though you may often forget Him. Learn to live a day at a time." And so He teaches us to pray: "Give us day by day our daily bread."

It was on his seventieth birthday that Whittier wrote that verse which has brought help to so many tired hearts; but we do not have to wait until we are that old before we learn to use it:

> "No longer forward or behind
> I look with hope or fear;
> But thankful, take the good I find;
> The best of now, and here."

Day by day! Day by day!

GROWING BEAUTIFUL.

"Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."—Ps. 90 : 17.

"THE beauty of the Lord!" That is a singular expression, but it represents the most beautiful of all the beauty in the whole world. And the singular thing about it is that it may be ours, yours and mine; it may "be upon us." That is absolutely true. Let us see if it is not:

What makes one beautiful? Chiseled features? I have seen features which seemed as if they had been cut out of marble; and I have not cared to look at them a second time. But I have seen faces, old and weather-beaten, framed in white, the crow's-feet about the eyes, and the wrinkles in the forehead; and the very wrinkles seemed only like smiles which had slipped their moorings; and I have turned to those faces again and again and yet again, as the traveler seeks the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Beautiful! Not

because of rounded contour or sculptured cheek or lip; but beautiful, because of expression.

And do you know what expression is? It is the ex-pressing: the pressing out of that which is within; of the unseen, the soul, the inner spirit, which has been wrought out, under the inspiration of one, long-continued noble purpose. That is ex-pression. That is beauty; the only real beauty that there is. It is what the Psalmist means when he speaks of "the beauty of holiness." It is what the text means when it speaks of "the beauty of the Lord." It is this beauty which Jesus Christ came to teach and to impart; which He is teaching and imparting every day.

And so it is not what we put on which makes us beautiful in this world, in any world; it is what we put in. And that is what the Apostle Paul means when he says: "Whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things." What he means is, "Hang the walls of your soul with

pleasant pictures." We grow to look like what we think about. That is what he means when he says again, that " when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." We are transformed by beholding. That is not only a scripture fact; it is a psychological one.

I have sometimes thought of preaching a sermon on the " Physical Basis of Character " ; but whether I shall or not, you will meet a hundred men and women on the streets next week who will preach it to you. You will meet men and women, with the plainest possible of features; but they will be like the simple fisherman's hut that Goethe in one of his charming little parables tells about; because of the light shining within, they have been changed " from glory to glory," into pure gold. And you will find others, with the windows darkened, abiding in the midst of loneliness and desolation, because the spirit which dwells within has become misanthropic and embittered. And it is for each of us to choose which our lives shall be.

Jesus pointing to the lilies of the field said, that " Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed

like one of these." But do not miss the point of that comparison. The reason was that his was the beauty which was from without; theirs was that which was from within. Do you remember the sweet face of the mother in the old home of your boyhood? You used to wonder sometimes, boy as you were, how, amid the cares and vexations of weariness and perhaps of poverty she could be so patient. But do you remember the morning when you chanced to pass her closed door, and you heard within, her calm and supplicating voice, asking Him who knoweth us altogether, with all our troubles and burdens, to help her to be brave and true. And do you remember the sunlit face, which shone upon you, as the door opened and she came quietly forth to take up once again the duties of the day? It was then you learned where your mother got her smiles.

Well, that pleading voice never again will be heard here on earth. But the door is still there, for you and for me to open if we will. And the smiles are to be found there now, for you and for me, just as they were for her. And the beauty which irradiated her, may rest

upon you; "the beauty of holiness," "the beauty of the Lord." "Moses' face shone and he knew it not;" but it was when Moses had been upon the mountain top communing with his God. She and he were beautiful as you may be; not because of what they put on, but of what they put in.

THE SHADOWS WE CAST.

"They brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that at the least, the shadow of Peter, passing by, might overshadow some of them."—ACTS 5 : 15.

THAT is what men are doing to-day, just as they did then. That is the secret of the abiding influence of such Peters, as Bishop Whipple, and Phillips Brooks, and Henry Ward Beecher, and Charles Spurgeon, and others. It is not simply the fact that these were great men. That helped, and prepared the way for what has followed ; but there have been others as great as they, whom the world has admired and for whom it has built monuments ; but the people never thought of getting into their shadow.

It was not simply that these men were great, but that like the Apostle, they were at the same time, good. And when these two elements go together, strength and kindliness, as they did with Peter, and with them, you do not need to ask people to come to them when

they are tired and heavy hearted; you cannot keep them away. The whole world is longing to place itself under the shadow of some one whom it believes to be strong, and at the same time absolutely genuine.

And this is one reason why we become disciples of Jesus Christ; that according to our little measure of possibility, we too may cast our healing shadows. But to do this there are two or three things which we must remember. And the first is: We cannot cast the shadow unless we have the substance. Character cannot be successfully counterfeited for any length of time. Some little thing will betray it, however careful we may try to be; just as the old Scotch Covenanters hiding in their secret cave, discovered a detective spy in their midst, from the fact that he ate his bread without asking upon it the blessing of their God.

So that he who really desires to make his pathway, hallowed by the whispered benedictions of those whom he shall meet, has cleared away a great many difficulties if he has deliberately determined at the very beginning that instead of trying to appear what he knows he ought to be, he will seek to be what

he wishes to appear. He cannot cast the shadow unless he has the substance.

And then moreover, even though we have the substance, the healing shadow will never be cast by us, unless we ourselves stand in the sunlight. You and I know people whose chief attraction is a talent for happiness. And it is a wonderful talent. You start out for the store some morning; you have not slept very well during the night; stocks have had a tumble down in Wall Street on the previous day, and things generally seem to be going glimmering.

But you meet one of these men, who are always, and without seeming effort, making people happy. And as you go down the street, when his shadow has fallen upon you, how you bless him in your heart. Perhaps you do not go to church very often; not as often as you ought to, and you know it. Perhaps you have more than once joined with those who are thinking of the spots on the sun rather than the sun itself, but you whisper as you pass on your way, "Well, if that is religion, then the more we have of that kind in this old world, the better!" He did not necessarily

say anything to you; but he was standing in the sunlight himself and so his shadow touched you.

And then there is one other thing for us to think of, and this will appeal perhaps to those for whom the sun is just beginning to set. Towards evening-time our shadows ought to grow longer. What is the use of all our life's experiences, if they do not sweeten our character, making us more ready to stretch forth our lengthening and protecting shadow over those who have grown weary in the journey, and have stumbled and fallen by the wayside; upon whom the sun's rays have been fiercely beating all the day?

My friend, this is the meaning of growing old, and it is the only worthy meaning it has. And if it shall be exemplified in us, we need not dread the falling of the twilight. The lines shall come in our foreheads, but they shall not be in our hearts. We shall always be young. The hour of sundown shall be as it ought to be, the holiest hour of all the day; and the promise of the Almighty shall be fulfilled, "At evening time it shall be light."

JUST DRUDGERY.

"Fill the water-pots with water."—JOHN 2 : 7.

YES, that is the same old story. And it seems even worse for us than it was for them; for to us the word comes day after day, and day after day: "Fill the water-pots with water." Who has not felt at times like resisting the mandate? Who has not grown weary of the daily grind? But the next morning the same command comes again, "Fill the water-pots with water"; and the work has to be taken up just where we left it the night before, and the routine of to-day has to go forward exactly as it did yesterday. "Just drudgery!"

Well, I want to show you that that is one of the last things which we should wish to have eliminated from our experiences; that same drudgery. These servants might have said what we are often inclined to say, "What is the use? We are only wasting our strength in doing this needless thing. We have a

plenty of water at the feast already. What we want is not water, but wine." But the Master knew what He was about when He gave to them their work; just as He knew what He was about when He gave you yours, though it may be humdrum and apparently devoid of inspiration as theirs. But notice this: They simply obeyed Him. That was all. "Whatsoever He said unto them," they did it. And all this time they were making wine, though they did not know it. And if yours is the same spirit of obedience to the Master, so are you.

Yes, this drudgery; this working by the tick of the clock; sometimes even when we do not feel like it, is one of the last things that we could afford to have left out of our lives. Believe me! The man most blessed in this world is not the foot-loose man; it is he who either voluntarily or from necessity, has placed himself in the midst of compulsory engagements. Because it is these which make character; and that is the greatest thing in the world.

Mr. Carnegie was right when he said that "the young man who starts out in life with a

basket full of bonds starts out heavily freighted; he is very likely to stagger before he gets through." And the reason of it is this: That before his habits are formed, and while he is yet in the gristle he is delivered from the need of drudgery. For it is just that work which we very often do not like to do, but must, which is the most important in the development of character. And thus it comes that the self-made man is not he who has come up from the shovel. He has had every incentive to come up. He can thank God most devoutly for his circumstances. But the man who deserves the highest plaudits is he who was born with every incentive to idleness, but voluntarily placed himself in circumstances of responsibility. That is the reason why we all honor Theodore Roosevelt; not because he is a president; circumstances helped to make him that; but because he is a man, a self-made man, one who rose to his present stature, even though at his birth his limbs were bound with golden chains. Rare, indeed, is it, when one is born with a silver spoon in his mouth that the silver spoon does not choke him.

There are certain attributes which lie at the foundation of all true manhood, and when we come to examine them we shall find in almost every instance that they are the outgrowth of that kind of work which is represented by filling the water-pots with water, by drudgery.

Think of a few of them; concentration of attention, for example. The child learning c a t and d o g is learning more than merely to spell cat and dog. He is learning to do what has to be done, even when he does not fully realize why, because the water-pots have to be filled. That c a t and d o g are spelling another and a greater word than either. They are spelling character. So with industry, another basic quality. William Carey, one of the first foreign missionaries to India, was not a brilliant man, but he learned how to fill the water-pots with water. He said: "I can plod." And though he never guessed the extent of the miracle which was to be wrought as the result of his work, he was making wine when he knew it not.

Now for the application. You are one of the world's workers, and you are sometimes tempted perhaps to suspect that God has not

been as kind to you as He might have been. Well, cut out this remembrance and lay it where you can read it Monday morning before you go forth to your daily duties. Let it remind you that plain and uninteresting though your toil may be you can find there all the opportunity you need to show your loyalty to your Master, your neighbor and yourself. What makes the rainbow but the mists which once lay in marshes and in the gutters of the city, lifted up and lit by the glory of the throne! "Whatsoever He saith unto you do it," if it be only the pouring of the water into the urn. And He who is as powerful to-day as He was then can transform your simple service into the choicest vintage of the feast.

THE FIFTH GOSPEL.

"Ye are our epistle written in our hearts, known and read of all men."—2 CORINTHIANS 3 : 2.

YOU are acquainted with the four Gospels: the Gospel according to St. Matthew and the Gospel according to St. Mark and the Gospel according to St. Luke and the Gospel according to St. John. But there is another Gospel which is read in your circle, a great deal more than any of these. It is the Gospel according to You; the interpretation of Jesus Christ, either for good or evil, which glows or glowers through your personality. And there are several respects in which your Gospel differs from any of these. In the first place, it is written in a universal tongue. It can be read by all.

Although a man may be so ignorant as not to be able to read these, no man is too ignorant to be able to read yours. A number of years ago a young fellow of the name of Wray, a student at Princeton college, applied for ap-

pointment as a foreign missionary. He was a thoroughly good man, but not very quick in respect to learning, and when he reached the field of his prospective labors, he found it difficult to master the language. But though the simple natives could not understand his talk, they could understand his walk; and one day when they, according to the custom in those countries, were seated in a circle, on the ground, listening to the instruction of one of their teachers, the question was asked, "What is it to be a Christian?" And none could answer. But finally one pointed to where this young man sat, and replied, "It is to live as Mr. Wray lives."

Not one of them could read the Gospel according to Matthew, or the Gospel according to Mark, or the Gospel according to Luke, or the Gospel according to John; but every one there could read the Gospel according to Wray. And your Gospel is written in a universal tongue. As St. Paul says in this text, it can be "known and read of all men." That means your office boy. He is reading it when you think he is only sweeping out the store, and you come in in the morning with a

cross word or a kind one. That means your servant in the kitchen. She is reading it, when you do not think she is at all; and so are the children, and the neighbors. Your Gospel is written in a universal tongue.

But there is another respect in which your Gospel differs from these: It is printed in very large type. Not only may people read it, but they must read it. They cannot help it if they would. That is not true of the other Gospels. There are men whom you will meet next week, who have had Bibles for many years; but they are shut up in a closet at home, and the dust has gathered so thick upon their lids, that one might write with his finger thereon: "God is not in all their thoughts." But whether they will or not, they must read yours, for it is in very large type.

They can see to read it, away across the whole length of your office, when they are passing on the sidewalk and glancing through the window, they see you at the other end of the store, bending over your ledger, keeping your accounts, honestly or dishonestly. They can see to read it, away across the street, when

you are walking down town, with a countenance, open and frank and trustful, or with an eye half closed with suspicion and evil thinking. There is no Bible in the world which may be so convincing as yours. There is no "evidence of Christianity," so unanswerable, as may be one, about six feet high, and bound in cloth. They may read the others. They must read this.

And finally yours is a Gospel which is always open. It is not simply read by all, but all the time. What kind of a Gospel are you writing? What is the Gospel according to You?

WHEN LIFE SEEMS HARD.

"God did prove Abraham."—GENESIS 22 : 1 (Revised Version).

ISAAC means "laughter." This was the name Abraham had given to his only son because of the joy he had brought into Abraham's tent. All the promises of the future centred in that boy, and so whenever he spoke to him he called him "Laughter."

But one day, according to the story in this chapter, which I want you to read, if you will, after finishing this sermon, his "laughter" was turned to mourning, and his joy to heaviness. God said to him: "Take now thy son, thine only son, whom thou lovest, even Laughter, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of." Surely no man ever had a harder duty than that. Such a command seemed the very refinement of cruelty. Notice it: "Thy son!" "Thine only son!" "Thine only son, whom thou lovest—Laughter!" "Offer HIM!"

We may not be able to explain the whole of this chapter. But that is nothing new. You cannot explain the whole of your grape-vine. And you do not need to. Its clusters may be just as sweet to you as though you could understand all those secret processes which none but God can understand when He takes the rain falling upon your vineyard and performs again the old miracle, by turning the water into wine. But no mystery of nature shall ever lead me to reject her clusters of fruit. And so is it with my Bible. Let us always remember that mystery is only another name for our ignorance. What are some of the clusters which this Mount Moriah experience of Abraham may bring to you?

I think in the first place we may know that when God tries you, it is not always because you have done wrong. He was not punishing Abraham; he was honoring him. "What have I done?" I have heard that cry accompanied with wringing of hands and tear-stained cheeks. Perhaps you have not done anything at all. He is "proving" you; not punishing you. The stronger the bridge, the greater the burden we place upon it. The more valiant

the general, the more thoroughly his king puts that valor to the test. I once heard Charles Spurgeon say in speaking of Mr. Muller and the manifold disappointments which he had encountered in the establishment of his orphanage: "Mr. Muller has had very much greater trials than I, for he is a great Christian; but God knows that I am only a little child." Do not mistake "proving" for punishing.

And here is something else which this teaches us: That everything we own belongs to God when He wants it. Until we learn that lesson, each new experience which runs counter to our wishes, surprises us, and thrusts us into the Castle of Giant Despair. But when we have once wrought this supreme thought into our lives, then, but not till then, we may begin to know the joy of an accepted sorrow. That was Abraham's path of safety, and that must be ours; to realize that we are not serving a hard Master; that He will not ask us to do or to suffer anything which is not reasonable, and that in the end it shall be for our good. The first way out of every hard duty is to do it; not to shirk it; not to groan over it; but just to do it.

We all know the story of Michael Angelo; how, when they found him bending over a rough block of marble, and they asked him why, he answered: "I see an angel in this stone." But perhaps we have never thought of the way in which the angel was brought out. It was by taking away. What He is seeking to do with us is to bring out the angel, and sometimes He finds it necessary to do it in the same manner. "Offer HIM!"

One more thought: Always know that if we have Abraham's confidence in Abraham's God, somewhere, somehow, sometime, everything will come out right. Perhaps you are being driven to heaven in a chariot of fire. Well, others have been before you. But no matter if God drives. Whatever else you lose never lose your faith in Him. An aged Christian, when about to die, reviewing his life, said: "The greater part of my heaviest troubles never came to pass." Oh, how much joy you have lost out of your life if you never have learned the meaning of the fifty-sixth Psalm, in which David cries: "What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee."

THE DUTY OF BEING UNFASHIONABLE.

"Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house; and his windows being open in his chamber towards Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime."—DANIEL 6:10.

WHEN General Rice was dying on the field of Spottsylvania Court House he requested to be turned over on his side, and they asked him, "Which way?" And he answered, "Toward the enemy." Then they asked him again, "How does Jesus Christ seem to you now?" And he whispered, "Near by." Here is a picture of Daniel in a modern frame; a man who is willing to live or die for what he feels to be right, in the face of any enemy because he is actuated by the "near by" presence of his God. That is courage of the highest type.

But there is a difference between courage and presumption, just as there is between firmness and obstinacy. One of the striking things about Daniel is that wherever he could, with a

clear conscience, conform to conventional surroundings he did it. When the king changed his name without conferring with him, from Daniel, "God is my judge," to "Belteshazzar," "the treasurer of Bel," one of the pagan gods, it made little difference to him what they called him. That was the king's matter, not his. If there was a chance without surrendering a principle, to avoid a fight, he avoided the fight. But when it came to the thing itself, and he was instructed to eat that which had been offered to idols, then "Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the king's meat." When it was decreed that no one should pray to any God except the graven image which the king had set up he opened his window wide, and three times a day knelt where everybody could see him and "gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime."

There is a great distinction here. Some people's will is simply their won't, a characteristic which is most pronounced among swine, human and other. To bluster is not to be brave. More frequently the blusterer is at heart a coward. But the quiet and persistent

man who says little, but "kneels down," and that openly, when it is not to his interest, in front of the open window to kneel down, but either to get into a secret corner or to cease doing it altogether—look out for that man. He may perhaps be broken, but he can never be bent. He will have the courage to be unfashionable, even though thereby he shall risk popularity and friends. He will dare to be singular when to be singular is to be right. Daniels are not generally men who say very much, but there is one characteristic which never fails: We shall always find them, living or dying, with their faces toward the enemy.

What a wonderful example of this was presented in Jesus Christ. He never blustered. He was a quiet man. "He did not strive nor cry, neither was His voice heard in the streets." And whenever He could conform He did. He came eating and drinking like other people. He assumed no peculiarity of garb. He was a man among men. But He was more than that; He was the world's greatest gentleman, that is, He was "as gentle as a woman, and as manly as a man," a gentle man.

And when it came to the great unchanging

realities of life, to questions of eternal principle, of right and wrong, no power on earth could move Him. It might mean for Him a cross! Very well! Then a cross it should be! And thus it was that in the end He won the world—as every such man does—in the end.

"Dare to be a Daniel.
Dare to stand alone!
Dare to have a purpose firm.
Dare to make it known!"

"GANG OWER YE' MERCIES!"

"Now Sheshan had no sons, but daughters."—1 CHRONICLES 2: 34.

WELL, then, let him rejoice over his daughters. It was true they did not amount to much, according to the Oriental estimate, for in no country in the world is woman anything but a plaything or a slave, except where Jesus Christ, in the name of His religion, has taken her by the hand and led her to her rightful throne. If the ancient Jew had had twelve offspring and ten of them had been girls, and you had asked him how many children he had he would very likely have answered "two"; and if you had reminded him of the others he would have simply shrugged his shoulders and looked at you from under his lifted eyebrows as though to say: "Where did you come from?" To this day if you wish to flatter an Eastern mother do not tell her that the little one resembles her, but "him." "Only daughters! And they do not count."

Yes, but he had his daughters, and we in these better days have learned how much they might have counted, if he had only known how to count them. And that is the lesson for you to think over this Saturday night. Whether or not you have enjoyed what you have had this week has depended chiefly, not upon what you have had, but upon you. And if you have not had this you have had that, and the insignificant "that" might have been the greatest of all blessings to you if you had only been prepared to make it so. Truly it is a grand art, meaning happiness and peace, to learn to count our treasures worthily.

Look at it for a moment. You are poor in respect to things, perhaps. But you are rich in respect to qualities. You have not the equipage of your neighbor down the street, and you walk while he rides. But would you barter for what he has, your love of poetry, your enthusiasm over the first bird of spring or the first violet, peeping up to meet you, and which, to you, is the coming back of an old friend, but which he never sees?

You are poor in reference to the exceptional. But you are rich in reference to the common-

place. You have not brilliancy, but you have good sense, and that is often better than being brilliant. You say to yourself with a secret and deprecating comment that you cannot talk. Well the man whom you envy, perhaps, cannot keep still; seldom has even "flashes of silence," and therefore is always in trouble. You have not this, but what a valuable asset you have in the despised "that!"

You are poor in respect to finalities. But you are rich in respect to beginnings. The things which you have been making yourself sorrowful about because you did not own them are the things which are not going to last very long. When Lord Beaconsfield died the London *Lancet* wrote:

> "A little fame, a little sway,
> A sunbeam on a winter's day,
> Is all the great and mighty have,
> Between the cradle and the grave!"

That is true of the things that many men value most. "The fashion of this world passeth away." But if you are learning to love and to trust, and to be gentle and kind, if you are trying to live as Jesus Christ lived when He was here your possessions are not transi-

tory. You are to grow richer and richer the longer you live. And when you die yours is the only wealth which you can ever carry with you.

To quote the old Scotch woman, "Gang ower ye' mercies!" Dwell upon what you have instead of what you have not. Scan your sky every day during the coming week for the bit of blue in it. It is sure to be there if you will only look for it. Bend the ear to catch the stray song which even now is coming over the mountains to meet you if you will but listen. Learn to think of how wonderfully rich you are and that very thinking will make you rich. Dr. Samuel Johnson used to say that the habit of looking on the bright side of things was worth £1,000 a year. And so it is. Try it and see.

GOD'S "AFTERWARD."

"Nevertheless, afterward."—HEBREWS 12 : 11.

SOMETIMES when you have been reading an exciting work of fiction, and the strain has become too intense, you have turned to the last chapter, and read that, and that has calmed you. This is what I want you to do on this Saturday evening in reference to your life. I want you to think for a little while of the last chapter—God's "afterward."

If you will open your Bible to the passage from which this text is taken, and read from the sixth verse through the thirteenth, it will help you to grasp the thread of your life's story. And yet, we need to remember that we never can know its full plot and meaning until we shall have read the whole through to the very end. Often we grow impatient, like impulsive children, who cannot wait for the climax, and we cry, "Let Him make speed and hasten His work that we may see it." But the Lord will not be hurried. It is His purpose, as a rule, to unfold His plans grad-

ually, that thus we may be taught patience; sometimes "through tribulation." However, as in our text, He occasionally gives us brief glimpses, sufficient to assure us that all is moving towards a happy end; that every life, like some master picture, is hand-painted. It is not the work of any great soulless machine, however much it may sometimes seem to be.

God's "afterward"; it throws light upon your life, its mystery, and its history. Suppose the story of the Canaanitish woman had been cut in two. Suppose it had closed at the point where Jesus replied to her cry for help, "It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs." How it would have puzzled us that an infinitely good Being could have answered her like that. And the reason it does not puzzle us now is, because we are able to read through to the end of her story, and understand it in the light of its closing miracle of help. But in the plot of His dealings with you, you are only half-way through the volume.

"Ye fearful souls, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy and shall break
In blessings on your head."

Wait for God's "afterward." It is so difficult for us to realize that "all things" are working together for good. We are not willing that they should "work together"; we expect them to work in only one way, and that our way. Thus, even our seeming failures He can use to our development. Botanists tell us that the fruits on the tree are simply arrested growths. If their progress had not become in some way stunted, they would have grown into new twigs and branches, and then the tree itself would have been fruitless. There is not one of us who has been seeking through past years to live a Christian life who cannot remember instances in our own experience where "all things" were working together in this way for our good. We did not believe it at the time, but it will help us now to look back; for to-day itself is one of God's "afterwards."

Sometimes the great "afterward" does not dawn until the new world opens beyond the clouds, but it will surely dawn then. There never is a cloud so black but it carries with it somewhere a hidden brightness; hidden only because we are not yet on the other side. Be

not afraid. He is guiding you, though you cannot yet comprehend how nor where. They are grand words which Browning puts into the mouth of Paracelsus:

"I go to prove my soul.
I see my way, as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive. What time, what circuit first, I ask not.
But unless God shall send His hail or blustering fire-balls,
sleet or stifling snow,
In some time—His good time—I shall arrive.
He guides me and the bird in His good time."

RELIGIONS AND RELIGION.

"Jesus Christ, to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen."—HEBREWS 13 : 21.

THE religion of Jesus Christ is the scorn of the infidel, but when he seeks to overthrow it, it is his despair. It is his scorn because he touches it from the outside only, and as a speculative theory ; as the locomotive was the scorn of the English parliament, when they studied it only from George Stephenson's rude sketches; or as a prince in the tropics exclaimed, when a traveler told him of our frozen rivers, "I will never believe so foolish a thing as that men can walk on water. It is contrary to experience." The answer to that would have been, "Whose experience?" Thus, while Christianity is the scorn of the infidel, it is at the same time his despair ; for though it seems so easy for him to crush it out, it is like the children of Israel under the persecution of Pharaoh : "The more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew."

And the reason of this is that he forgets, or never has come to realize, that religion is nothing pasted on to human nature from the outside, to be easily dissolved and then blown away by a man's breath ; but like the sense of justice, or the thirst for knowledge, or the love of music, it is an instinct from the beginning, born into the human heart. Like the maker's name wrought into the Damascus blade, you can only get rid of it by destroying the human heart itself. And so it is that these faiths of our higher nature remain with us in spite of what sometimes seems invalidating proof, and men wait hopefully, like the Magi of olden times, when they seemed to be mocked by Herod, for the morrow, for some larger interpretation of their star of Bethlehem ; and on the morrow it always comes.

And this very fact is one reason why no argument, however plausible it may seem, can ever shake the wise man's consciousness concerning his need of religion. An instinct is always a prophecy of a need fulfilled. The groping of the new-born lamb for the mother's dugs, is a prophecy that there is food provided to satisfy its craving. So when I see a school-

house in every village, I know that it is natural for men to thirst for knowledge. When I see a court-house in every city, I know that it is natural for men to have a sense of justice. And when I see a church on every hilltop, I know that it is natural for men in this twentieth century after Christ, as in the twentieth century before Christ, to exclaim with uplifted hands and eyes, "As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God!" And I can well understand the truth of what Robespierre told the French Jacobins: "If there were no God it would be necessary to the national well-being to invent one." The most unnatural thing in this world is an atheist, and one of the most natural things in this world is to be a Christian.

"The undevout astronomer is mad."

Learn to draw a distinction between religions and religion. It is the same which exists between astronomy and the stars. Religion is as eternal and unchangeable as the constellations; but our religions are often only our different theories about religion. There has

been progress in theology, and there will be, as there has been progress in astronomy, as there will be. The definitions of a few decades ago are no more like the definitions preached from our pulpits to-day, than the Ptolemaic theory of yonder blazing suns is like the Copernican theory, which our children learn in our schools. But the shifting theories of the constellations have not quenched a single sun, nor dimmed a single starbeam.

> "Our little systems have their day,
> They have their day, and cease to be."

But the eternal verities remain unchanged. You may have outgrown *your* religion as you outgrew the pinafore. But you can no more outgrow religion than you can run away from the sun. The star of Bethlehem shines just the same to-day as it ever did, and it always leads us "to the place where the young child lay."

THE NOBILITY OF GIVING THANKS.

"I thank my God on every remembrance of you."—PHILIPPIANS 1 : 3.

THE apostle said more than he intended to, there. This text speaks not half so much of the Philippians as it does of Paul, though probably he never knew it. He was seeking simply to commend the nobility of his friends, but unconsciously he was exhibiting the nobility of himself; for one of the truest tests of greatness is found in our appreciation of little kindnesses.

Stop a moment and think whether this is not true. Study the characters whom you really admire; those whom you would wish in your heart most perfectly to resemble. They are the grateful souls, whose spirits are so large that they are constantly recognizing with gladness and thanksgiving blessings which other people are accepting as a matter of course.

Whittier tells us that one day he was driv-

ing with Ralph Waldo Emerson, when the latter pointed out to him a little unpainted house by the roadside, and said: "There lives an old Calvinist lady in that house, and she says she prays for me every day. I am glad she does. I pray for myself." "Does thee?" said Whittier. "What does thee pray for, friend Emerson?" "Well," replied the philosopher, "when I first open my eyes upon the morning meadows, and look out upon the beautiful world, I thank God that I am alive, and that I live so near Boston." The reasons for gratitude which were all unthought of by the vast multitude of lesser souls, filled him with daily joy. And that was because he was Emerson.

It is always the easiest thing in the world to win the benediction of a great and noble heart. These Philippians had not done very much for Paul compared with what he had done for them. But here we find him when he remembers their little kindnesses, prostrating himself in appreciation before his God. And that was because he was Paul. We should never suspect such a thing of Judas or Herod. And so was it with Him whom some

of us love to worship. When Mary poured the oil of spikenard upon His feet, for which act the others condemned her, He made such mention of that deed of thoughtfulness, that she is remembered to-day, two thousand years after the event. And that was because He was Jesus Christ. And the more completely we become His disciples—that is His scholars, for that is what the word means—the more we shall see in people and our daily circumstances, that for which to "give our God thanks on every remembrance of them."

One great reason why we lose out of our lives so much of this joy of appreciation is because our causes for thankfulness so wonderfully abound. The very extensiveness of our wealth which smiles upon us in the landscape, which breathes in the air, which glows in the sunshine, which cuddles in the home—yes, and which lies latent in the hearts of men and women all about us, only waiting to manifest itself if we will look for it—makes us forget how much we possess. And so we feel poor, while thousands who are much poorer than we, are rich. There was substance for thought in that remark which a millionaire once made

to me: "A man is just as rich as he feels." And he who said it was an illustration of its truth, for he added: "I never was so rich in my life as when I lived in two rooms."

Do you wish to prove what I have said? Then I will tell you how. Purchase a cheap book for a diary. It need take very little time for you to write in it; ten minutes in the morning, perhaps, and ten minutes at night. On the morning's page jot down a list of the things you are afraid of for that day, and of the things you are anticipating with pleasure; on the evening's page a list of the evils which have been averted, and the unexpected happinesses which have come to you. And do not forget the little things, for they are the greatest. When a month has passed by, take a Sunday afternoon and read it all over. Then open your Bible to the one hundred and forty-seventh Psalm, and discover a new meaning in the Singer's song as translated by Tyndale—"A joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful!"

IMPULSIVE PEOPLE.

"Lord, I will follow Thee—but ——"—LUKE 9 : 61.

THESE are the people whom we condemn—and love. It is magnificent to see one whose life runs along as though regulated by the rule of three. He never seems to make mistakes, as the rest of us do. He never forms a resolve and then appears to waver. To the most of us such a man is as wonderful as an iceberg, and as unapproachable. When we see him we recall Beaconsfield's remark concerning Gladstone, that "he had no endearing weaknesses." To him we willingly give our admiration, but very seldom adoration.

On the other hand, such an one as Robbie Burns—who can resist loving him? Very imperfect, very impulsive, always saying and doing the things which he never ought to have said or done! But so human, so like one of us, that we would gladly put our arms about him, sobbing with him while we read the tear-stained epitaph, which, with trem-

bling hand, he wrote to be graven above the spot where he himself should lie:

> "The poor inhabitant below,
> Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
> And keenly felt the friendly glow,
> And softer flame.
> But thoughtless follies laid him low,
> And stained his name."

So then impulse is not something which we should seek to eradicate, for it is lovable; and nothing which is lovable is in itself wrong. It is the spring in the desert which helps to keep life green. It is the survival in us of the little child.

But what are some of the dangers to impulsive people? Two, chiefly, as they seem to me. The first, a failure to discriminate between a suggestion which is from beneath, and one which is from above. Who of us has not sorrowed after yielding to the first; perhaps the quick and angry word which can no more be recalled, than can the poisoned arrow when once shot from the bow; perhaps, as with Scotland's ploughman poet, some inherited tendency to moral frailty, threatening hourly to become our master? With many of the most lovable people whom this world holds, such a warfare can never cease until they die.

But, God be thanked, these are not the only impulses; these from beneath. St. John writes: "I heard a voice from heaven saying ——" Let us distinguish between the two. In this text lies the story of a man to whom that prompting came as it has to us. It was from above. There was no doubt about that. There seldom need be any question as to the direction from which these secret movings emanate. Suddenly, the imperative sounded within his soul. "Follow him! He is the Master who will lead thee along the heights!" And he was just ready to do it when he caught the whisperings of another voice, the whisperings of wavering decision, "Not yet. Some future time will do as well. Be not over-hasty." And he cried: "Lord, suffer me first to go and bid farewell to them who are at home." And Jesus answered: "As you love your soul, No!" That impulse which we recognize to be divine must take precedence over every other interest. It is a summons from God. Our Lord knew that the call postponed would become the call unfulfilled.

In the old home a mother waits day after

day for the letter which it would have taken you only a few minutes to have written. And again and again the prompting has come to you to write it, and you have said, "I will —but suffer me first ——" And with a weary heart she is waiting for that letter yet. The voice speaks once more while you are reading these words. Up! Transmute that impulse into accomplishment. Now! Before the hour has passed.

Or perhaps the unseen Spirit has summoned you to acts of magnanimity, of generosity of words or gifts towards some one whom you know to be in need. Possibly you have congratulated yourself that you have had the thought of it, and have felt religious on that account, as this man did. And here is the second pitfall for impulsive people. An intention should never be a resting-place, only a gangplank leading from somewhere to somewhere. "Lord, I will—but ——" That can never make a man. Grasp the impulse, as it comes from above. Translate it into conduct. Be not satisfied to think it. Do it! And now! To-morrow the footstep of the Master may have passed by.

"SAY SO!"

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."—PSALM 107 : 2.

DO not merely think it, but say it. "Say so." Cultivate the habit of appreciation. "We shall give an account for every idle word," but we shall also give an account for every idle silence. Has that wife been a help to you? Then tell her so. Has that husband tried to do his best? Then let him know that you know it. Do not wait until he is dead to lay the flowers upon his grave. Scatter them upon his path. I sometimes wonder when walking through God's acre, how many of those epitaphs are acts of penance—men and women carving in stone, too late, the words which they withheld from the hungry hearts that needed them.

Amos Barton was not a bad man, as George Eliot portrays him, but when he came at last to look upon that wife's speechless face—when he went out and lay all night on her grave, he realized then the opportunity which he had

missed. "She was gone from him, and he could never show his love for her any more; never make up for omissions in the past by future tendernesses; and lying on his face upon that mound, he cried, as many another has, when it was too late: 'Milly! Milly! dost thou not hear me? I didn't love thee enough! I was not tender enough of thee! But I think of it all now!'"

This Saturday evening, sit down, you and she together, after the little ones are safely tucked in bed, and let her hand be clasped in yours, as in the old days long ago. Talk over the old times. Do you not remember that autumn afternoon, when you and she were strolling together under the golden-tipped trees, her face as fresh as a moss rose, while conversation died a natural death, and it seemed like heaven just to be in her presence? And do you not remember how very particular you were to inquire which was the shortest way home, and then to take the other road; and the summer evening when you took her boating upon the river, with the overhanging trees casting their shadows upon the water, and the moonlight shimmering the waves, and

all nature seemingly set in harmony to a lover's lullaby! Can you ever forget that?

To-night get out the old letters. Read them over again, now that the years have gone by. Be lovers again. Life is too short for anything else. She may not be with you long. She has had her faults and you have had yours, but God have mercy on us all, if we are to be judged by the battles we lose instead of those we try to win. Perhaps a year from now you may be willing to give all you own, just to have her back again long enough to take that hand in yours and tell her how you loved her, but the hand will be cold then. Dead! The morning dead! The day dead! The world dead!

> "And there cometh a mist and a weeping rain,
> And life is never the same again."

Do it now! Do it now! O, how many tired hearts might be made glad if men and women would only tell the love they feel. Begin to-night all over again. And, by and by, when the almond tree, with its white blossoms shall flourish, when the grasshopper shall have become a burden, and the step feeble, and

the days few, the faithful voice of one, who then, dearer than all the world, shall lean upon your trembling arm, will remind you, with gladness, of the new marriage vows of this evening, and of all the joy they will have brought, as she whispers in your ear:

"John Anderson, my Jo John,
We clamb the hill togither;
An' mony a canty day, John,
We've known wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go;
An' sleep togither at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo."

POPULAR PREACHING.

"Jesus began to preach."—MATTHEW 4:17.

SYDNEY SMITH defined dogmatism as "puppyism full grown." His witticism is indicative. Arrogance in the pulpit creates anger in the pews. There are two kinds of preachers; one stands above his hearers, the other stands beside them. One orates and berates, like a little make-believe God; the other, as with his hand confidentially on the shoulder of a loved friend, persuades, realizing that he also is only a man. This was the attitude of the Son of God. "He spake with authority," but it was the authority which truth always carries with it; "not as the scribes."

And yet, while not dogmatic, He dealt in dogma, as we should; for dogma is simply truth crystallized. It is truth "made portable." The Sermon on the Mount is full of it. It is doctrinal, when we remember that "docere" means to teach. Yet like a backbone, its

doctrine is not naked. It sustains the whole body, but does not protrude. The reason men decry doctrine, is because they associate it with a presentment, magisterial in manner and technical in matter. The dullest of all preaching is technical; but forever and forever, the freshest of all preaching is doctrinal, as was His, in the true and primitive significance of that much abused word.

"Do you know, Brother Collier," said the late Oliver Wendell Holmes to the famous Unitarian clergyman, "I don't like to listen to these everlasting negations that some ministers deal out from the pulpit. When I go to hear a preacher, I want to hear some one who believes more than I do." Jesus had something to teach.

And, moreover, He knew how to teach it. He was pictorial. Thus "the common people heard Him gladly," and the uncommon. The mind of the elect few is logical. It can follow with interest a cold and unilluminated process of reasoning and find pleasure therein. But the mind of the many is not so much logical as analogical. And this applies to the educated as well as to the illiterate. The

mass of men can only grasp what a truth is, when they are told what it is like.

And yet Jesus never deliberately constructed ornamentation; He ornamented construction. His illustrations illustrated. They were suggestive, not exhaustive. He never fondled an illustration, as one does a pretty baby, to call attention to itself. With Him, a metaphor was not a wax flower, put on for adornment; adherent. It was inherent. It was the truth in blossom.

And thus His hearers were always on the *qui vive* because of what we may term the surprise power of His sermons. He approached the soul by two avenues instead of only one. He addressed not the ear alone, but by the use of figurative speech, the eye. And the eye is a lens; it magnifies. The ear is a drum; it only echoes.

He had something to teach; He knew how to teach it. And He knew why He taught it. There is no true sermon ever delivered which does not contain, directly or indirectly, the element of persuasion to a Christian life. It is this which differentiates it from other forms of literature, and makes it a Christian

sermon. We cannot think of Him as saying within Himself, "Go to now; let us make a sermon!" as though that were the end in view. It was never a target. It was an arrow. The target was the human will.

And finally, in His teaching He was spiritual. He addressed the inner life. He framed His speech to meet the needs of men in whom God dwelt, though many of them knew it not. And thus it is no disrespect to speak of Him reverently as a popular preacher. But in the study of His discourses, we are constantly impressed with the difference between those two Latin derivitives, "populus" and "vulgus." The pulpit has sometimes been tempted to become popular by becoming vulgar; to reach the masses, perhaps, but by descending to the level of their ignorance. Christ reached the masses, and it was by descending to their level; yet not the level of their ignorance or prejudice, but of their common spiritual need.

In this world there are many heads, but there is only one heart. And our Lord reached all classes because He spoke to universal experiences. His discourses quivered with life, because they were addressed to life.

It was not the sermon which was to Him the great thing, but humanity, and the vital question of how humanity might be helped. To His divine eye, every upturned face was full of latent pathos. To Him each man and woman and little child was the centre of a history. He spoke to hearts in which baffled hope was dying, and He knew it; hearts every one of which either had ached, or were aching, or were to ache to-morrow. And He brought to them not politics, not a mere literary essay, but spiritual help, for, "He had compassion on the multitude."

When the Rev. George H. Pentecost had finished a discourse in the city of Edinburgh, Horatio Bonar put his hand upon his shoulder and said, "You love to preach to men, don't you?" And Dr. Pentecost answered, "Yes." And Mr. Bonar said, "Do you love the men you preach to?"

This was Christian preaching in the days of Jesus Christ. Is anything else Christian preaching to-day?

WHAT WE OWE TO THE ARTIST.

"Strength and beauty are in His sanctuary."—PSALM 96 : 6.

THERE are two classes of the world's workers; those who make life possible,—these are the artisans; and those who make life valuable, these are the artists. The difference between them is that which exists between a sign painter and a landscape painter, a bricklayer and an architect, a street monger and a preacher, an advertisement writer and a poet. This evening I present a plea for the artist.

"We must take care of the beautiful," said Goethe, "for the useful will take care of itself." This city, facing the opening Orient, will have bread and butter anyhow; but never was truer saying uttered, than those words of Jesus Christ, "Man shall not live by bread alone"—not even when it is buttered. Material luxury can never atone for æsthetic or spiritual famine; and art, in its final

essence, is heart. Very few can enjoy cold marble unless it suggests more than it says. I believe that Ruskin would have placed the emphasis upon the word "soul," when he said, "Real art is the expression of one soul talking to another, and is precious according to the greatness of the soul that utters it." Shall ours become a city of parks, and galleries, and beautiful church buildings, and statuary, and paintings? To-day Los Angeles is embryonic. You and I, its citizens, are not yet writing its history; we are making it. Let us not forget the temple while building the brick yard.

There are two reasons for encouraging the artist: first, because he helps us to see, and secondly, because he helps us to be. One of the chief functions of art is to point out to us overlooked beauties. A lady said to Turner, as she stood in front of one of his marvelous landscapes, "I cannot see those things in nature." And he answered, "Madame, don't you wish you could?" A free art gallery multiplies in a community the resources of pleasure for thousands of people by teaching them to perceive. The poorest man learns to appreciate his wealth. He cannot buy a ten

thousand dollar sunset, but when he has once learned to see it, he can have the original for nothing. This is why it pays to study paintings. They innoculate us with a love of nature. They help us to see.

Contemplate, for example, the works of Millet. What of beauty would we be likely to find in the real "Pig Killers," or "The Man With the Hoe"? But here again, the art of it is in the heart of it. When he represents two laborers, dirty and unkempt, carrying from the fields a calf on a hurdle, we perceive, because he makes us perceive, not the toilers, but the tenderness of the toilers, towards the helpless, new-born thing; and the next time we pass a real field, with the real workers, we learn to seek what he saw.

Thus out of the broad, free world we come to gather our own pictures. The possible resources of a simple life are multiplied; and that is what we all need, for the Germans are right: "He is richly endowed, who is cheaply diverted." The reason that advancing age is so frequently pathetic, is because that when the time comes to bid farewell to the activities of a world, which each of us, sooner or later,

must retire from, the great majority, whether rich or poor, have nothing to retire to.

When we stand before one of nature's masterpieces, it is not we that are judging the picture, it is the picture that is judging us. What we are we see, and what we see, if we love to see it, we become. And thus, art, in helping us to see, is helping us to be. Our character becomes reflected in what we admire; and Jesus' promise is fulfilled, that "Blessed are the pure in heart, for" in every mountain peak, and flower, and rill, and little child, "they shall see God."

"NO WATER!"

"They have forsaken Me, the fountain of living waters, and have hewn themselves out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water."—JEREMIAH 2 : 13.

TO live in California is to walk in the midst of a Biblical commentary, for though you may never have crossed the sea, you have seen Palestine growing in your front yard. Her fruits are ours, and her climate, and her soil. The pictures which meet your eye, morning, noon and night, are those which lit the poetic flame of the prophets of Israel, thousands of years ago. We know, as the dwellers on the Atlantic coast cannot, the meaning of "the early and the latter rain." We realize as they cannot, the desolation which succeeds when "He turneth the rivers into a wilderness, and the water springs into a dry ground."

We who have driven across the desert track and seen the ranchman's home turned into a "thirsty land where no water is"; the cabin

where little children once laughed in merriment, forsaken and fallen into decay, can realize the poetic force of Isaiah's prophecy, as others never can, "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I, the Lord, will hear them, I, the God of Israel, will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of valleys; I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water." Surely then, with a singular emphasis, this text may speak to us.

It is an exhortation that we shall leave the desert, where the rain has failed us; that we shall leave our old and empty and broken cisterns, and get back again to the source of life. It is a plea not to cut our lives off from those vital forces which our souls must have. "They have forsaken Me, the fountain of living waters, and hewn themselves out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water."

You and I are something more than mere rational brutes. The soul has its thirst. In the preceding verses, Jeremiah has been speaking of the guilt of forsaking God, but now he is speaking of its folly. "My people have

changed their glory for that which doth not profit."

He is not primarily arguing now the duty of religion, but its necessity. Nothing can take the place of the fountain. He seems to be crying out with Augustine, "Oh, God, we belong to Thee, and must ever be restless, until we find our rest in Thee!"

A little further on, in emphasis of this same thought, he asks, "Will a man leave the snow of Lebanon, which cometh from the rock of the field? or shall the cold flowing waters that come from another place be forsaken?" Will a man be foolish enough to cut himself off from all his reserves? Will he leave the mountain summits of melting Lebanon, sending down their rills into the valley, perennially bubbling up from beside the rock in the field, to dig his own shallow cisterns in the sand-blown wilderness? Fool! But is he any greater fool than some of you? Have you not been doing this same thing?

The time was when you were wise enough to pitch your tent by the pellucid waters of prayer. The time was when "by the streams that make glad the city of God," you joyfully

waited upon Him in His Temple, singing the old hymns of faith and love, worshiping amid the peaceful quiet of meditation, or in the holy associations of the communion hour. Then you were in union with inexhaustible sources. Then you were "like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth its fruit in its season." Have you done wisely that you have removed your dwelling from the fountain to the wilderness? Is your thirst satisfied? How about your children; are they flourishing as you would like to see them flourish? Do the present days compare with the old? You are now beginning a new year. Begin right! Place yourself in union with the best. Come back to Lebanon. Come back to God.

THE REALM OF RESTFULNESS.

"I will walk at liberty, for I seek Thy precepts."—PSALM 119 : 45.

IN other words: The only way to be free from fear is to keep God's law; the only way to avoid the brambles is to walk in the beaten path. The Bible is overflowing with this thought: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion." Literature is full of it. That is the meaning of Tito, depicted by Mrs. George Henry Lewes, writing under the name of George Eliot. That is the meaning of King Lear, depicted by Lord Bacon, writing under the name of William Shakespeare. That is the meaning of Alfred Tennyson,

> "My strength is as the strength of ten,
> Because my heart is pure."

There is a wonderful lesson contained in that ancient saga, which is recorded in the book of Genesis: that for each of us Eden must be found inside the line of God's limita-

tions, and that when we break through those rational and natural restrictions which He has commanded, and attempt to force destiny, then, for us, Eden lies in the past; an angel stands at the gate with a flaming sword turning every whither, and we go forth hereafter to journey through the world, now cursed for us, which might have been fragrant with all forms of flowers, and fructified with every manner of fruit. A man has made great progress towards a useful and a happy life when at last he has become sufficiently acquainted with the moral laws of his being, to be able to say to his Maker, "Henceforth as the rule of my life, I will walk at liberty, for I seek Thy precepts."

This world has been making history very rapidly lately; moral history as well as political. Can you fill in the portrait while I draw the picture in outline? There have been men standing in the Garden of Eden, and God has said to them, "Of all this fruit thou mayest freely eat. This was intended to be for you a glad world. I have filled it with fragrance and beauty. I have painted it from the palette of the sunlight. I have adorned it with the

landscape, and the evening and the morning sky. It may be yours to rejoice and to sing every day. But according to the way in which you are constituted, this mood of mind can only abide with you while you are in conscious obedience to My law. There is a tree of which thou shalt not eat." And they have eaten of it, and the declaration has been fulfilled, "In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." From that time, whatever was innocent and Godlike in them has been marked with a blight, and the thing of which they were most conscious was their own impurity; that they were "naked."

Here is a letter received several years ago by a pastor in the city of Chicago. The writer had occupied a position of trust in that city. He might have lived and died happy, innocent, believed in by his employers, tried and triumphant. But he began to appropriate what was not his. Little by little the thought grew upon him. Like the people in the saga, he looked and "saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make men wise, and he took of the fruit thereof and did eat." He

forgot that the life of Eden was a life of lawful restrictions. Then he fled. He became a wanderer, and years after, lonely and heartsick, he wrote this letter:

"With what heart-burning and contrition, I look back upon a ruined, shipwrecked life, can only be known to the Great Searcher of hearts. I always knew what was right, but religion was with me only an intellectual conviction, not an active life within, influencing and controlling my actions; and hence when temptation came to accumulate riches, I yielded and fell, and have lost my good name; have made my family miserable and caused distress upon a wide circle. I flattered myself that there would be time and some way to avert any calamity, and thus between flattery and self-deception the day of accounting came, and I woke to find the ship run into and the water pouring in at all points—I going to the bottom."

He sought to overleap the proper limitations which God had placed about him. He took Satan's road to heaven and it led to hell.

My friend, sometimes you are restive, because in order to live a good life you must ac-

cept restrictions. But remember this: You are like a man crossing a long and dangerous foot-bridge; and the rails along the sides limit your liberty; they shut you out from some things, but they shut many more things out from you. Perhaps the night is dark, and you can only grope your way. The very stars have been put out. But there is one path of safety, and only one. You may walk at liberty while you keep His statutes. As you love your happiness and life, tread within the appointed lines of limitation. They were placed there by One who would save you from peril. They shut you out, but they also shut you in; and amid the darkness and the danger of the way you may nevertheless find yours to be the spirit of Eden:—

> "A world of strife shut out,
> And a world of love shut in."

Why? Because there is only one right way to live, and that is to live right.

COMING TO HIM.

"Come unto Me."—MATTHEW 11 : 28.

A GREAT many people are asking today just what that means. Let me see whether I can answer; and so simply that no one need mistake the way.

Whoever you may be who shall read these words, whatever your past record or your present condition, there are only three or four steps between you and Jesus Christ. And if you determine to take those steps, you shall find Him patiently waiting, His head wet with the dew, and His locks with the drops of the night; waiting, eagerly, tenderly, to help and to comfort and to love you.

I think that the first step in coming to Him is to come down. St. Luke tells us that Zaccheus when he heard that Jesus was about to pass that way, climbed up into a sycamore tree that he might see Him. His thought was not to fall at His feet crying, "What wilt Thou have me to do?" He never could do

that while swinging on the outstretched branch above His head and patronizingly looking down on Him and His followers. But suddenly Jesus stopped, and saw him, and said, "Zaccheus, make haste and come down, for this day I must abide at thy house. And he made haste, and came down, and received Him joyfully."

Now, the world is full of people who only care to look on the Master from the treetop; to speculate about Him: "What is He like? Who is He? What can He do?" And to-day He is passing through these streets of ours, and He stops and looks up, and He sees them swinging placidly in the branches above His head; not caring to make this a practical or a personal question, but simply one of inquisitiveness, or pride, or intellectualism. And He says to each of these, "Come down! The first step in becoming My disciple is to leave your pride and your self-will all up there in the treetop; to surrender 'joyfully' your will to Mine. Come down!"

But the first step must be followed by the second. St. Paul refers to this when he says in his letter to the Corinthians, "Come out

from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, and will be a father unto you, and ye shall be My sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." That is the next step after we have "come down"; to "come out." I am aware that many false tests of Christian living have been enunciated. I am aware that men have often sought to add to the commandments a great number of "nots," which neither nature nor God has placed there: "Thou shalt not dance!" "Thou shalt not play billiards!" "Thou shalt not" do a multitude of other things which Jesus Himself would leave to individual judgment. They have forgotten that the side of a man's nature which plays, is as healthful a part of him as the side which prays. They have forgotten that it is as normal to dance as to sing; that the rhythm of motion is as natural as the rhythm of sound. They have forgotten that Jesus's first miracle was at a wedding feast, and that God never intended that the child-spirit in us which leads us to be merry should be crushed out. I am not referring to these superficial and arbitrary tests of Christian

character, I believe them to be unreal. They do not reach deep enough. To "come out," means something far more vital than any of these things. What? Let the Son of God Himself answer.

A young man came to Him saying, "Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" He was earnest, for he came running. He was reverent, for he knelt. He was inquiring, for he asked. And yet, he went away sorrowful, for the Lord singled out his besetting sin, and said to him, "Come out from the midst of such temptations, and be thou separate." With him it was covetousness. With you it may be gossip, or lust, or meanness, or cowardice, or any one of a thousand other enticements. But you can never successfully come to the Master unless you "come out" from that which you know deep down in your heart the Master would condemn.

And here is the third step: It is what Laban said to the servant of Isaac: "Come in! Come in, thou blessed of the Lord!" He who comes to Jesus Christ, will be willing to put on the regimentals of Jesus Christ; to take the oath of allegiance; to become a part

of, and to march with, the professed followers of Jesus Christ. Possibly some of your associates may point at you and ridicule you. Well, what of that? To stand ridicule, is one of the tests. How much is a man's religion worth if it can be overthrown by some fool's index finger?

And last of all, after we have "come down," and "come out," and "come in," there shall come to each of us the message contained in the Book of the Revelation of St. John, "Come up!" Four steps in coming to Jesus Christ. And you will notice that these balance one another. We cannot "come in" until we have "come out"; and we cannot "come up" until we have "come down." "Come down"—Humiliation! "Come out"—Separation! "Come in"—Identification! "Come up"—GLORY!

THE MEANING OF LENT.

"I give my body a black eye."—1 CORINTHIANS 9 : 27.

THIS is a rugged but literal rendering of what St. Paul says. The translation in the accepted version sacrifices strength to euphony, "I keep my body under." That is not half strong enough. Therefore, I have preferred to interpret directly from the Greek. It is a rougher rendering, but it is better.

The apostle was formerly known as "Saul of Tarsus." Tarsus was one of the great centres for Grecian athletic games. So when in his old age he is feeling round for an illustration to make these easy-going Corinthians realize the kind of struggle which must be involved in the Christian life, he turns back to the scenes of his early manhood ; with his oratorical imagination he throws himself into the training ring, and says, "I buffet my body and bring it into bondage. I give it a black eye, that it shall be my servant to help

and not my master to hinder; lest having preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." Think who it was that wrote these words: Paul, the man who should afterwards suffer martyrdom, the man who should become the consecrated cynosure of the centuries; not only a Christian, but at the time he wrote, an aged and experienced Christian; not only a minister of the gospel, but the great apostle to the Gentiles. If he needed discipline which could only be described by such a phrase, how about you and me?

Next Wednesday will dawn the first day of Lent. We call it Ash Wednesday, from the custom which existed in the early centuries of the worshipers placing ashes upon their heads, to typify their penitence for their sins, the priest saying as he made the mark of the cross upon their foreheads, "Remember, O, man, that thou art dust, and unto dust shalt thou return." On that morning four days hence, many millions of Christian disciples will assemble in their churches throughout Christendom to enter upon a period of prayer, of voluntary abstinence and of quiet thoughtfulness. What does it mean?

It is to be a season of special spiritual training. Note that word "special." No one who knows what he is talking about, pretends that the training is to be confined to these forty days, and neglected during the remaining three hundred and twenty-five. The annual popular jest of the comic weekly is but the vaporing of the superficial trifler. For example, the "'Varsity crew" requires seasons of special practice. It never could hope to win if it did not utilize these. And yet, as every college boy will tell you, it is expected that throughout the whole year, as St. Paul says here, "Every man that striveth in the games, is temperate in all things." If a member of the Harvard crew were to be found drunk, whether he were in special training or not, it would be considered a breach of faith by the whole college, and he would be ostracized from the fellowship of his comrades. And yet, he requires special practice. Lent is special practice.

Now, all Christian communions recognize this necessity, and in some way endeavor to meet it. Frequently it is by the appointment of a "Week of Prayer," and none can tell but God the good which has grown out of the

"Protracted Meetings" of that consecrated week. Sometimes it is by an effort towards "A Winter Revival." But the spirit is the same. Well, some of us, embracing all communicants in the Roman Catholic church, the Anglican church of Great Britain, and the Protestant Episcopal church of America, are convinced that appropriateness of season has a great deal to do with definiteness of impression. Consequently for many centuries we have chosen for this special training period the forty days preceding Jesus' resurrection, when we could have history to help us in our devotions; when we could reverently trace our Master's footsteps day by day along the sorrowful way, during all those closing and climacteric scenes of His life, when everything was focalizing towards Gethsemane, and the Cross, finally to burst forth in the glad and triumphant songs of Easter morning.

Thus Lent to us means two things: it is a time for teaching, and a time for practice. We wish that our higher nature shall conquer the lower, and this is a season when our thought is to be especially devoted to learning how. It is a period of continuous instruction, and there-

fore, it must be a period of concentration. That is the underlying reason why we do not attend the theatre during this season: why we postpone weddings and other social functions. It is for the same reason that we should avoid these things on Sunday, or the anniversary of the death of one we loved. It is the same reason which leads the wrestler to lay aside when he is in training things perfectly innocent in themselves because his undivided attention must now be devoted to a higher purpose. This is why every Rector is so anxious to see his people faithful in their attendance upon the special services of the Lenten season. He knows that if there is to be real profit it can only be the result of determination; that we can never learn to fight by flourishing our arms with no definite aim; with St. Paul, he says: "So box I, not as beating the air."

And it is not simply a period of instruction, made more pungent by its historic associations; it is a period of practice. Therefore, it is that we deny ourselves; the man going without his smoke perhaps, and the woman without her butter, and the child without his candy; things which in themselves would be harm-

less, and giving the money thus saved to some benevolent cause. It is not on account of the money which is saved, but the training which is derived. We go forth from this season, if we have been faithful to its requirements, stronger to conquer, for we have convinced ourselves anew that we are able to do those things which shall help us conquer; we are able when we say we will, to say, NO! And this is the meaning of Lent.

THE GOD OF THE GODLY.

"The Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly."—PSALM 84 : 11.

A CORNUCOPIA text; filled to overflowing. It tells us what God is: "a sun and shield"; what God gives: "grace and glory"; what God withholds: "no good thing." The circumstances are interesting. This Psalm is supposed to have been written by an associate of David when he was fleeing from the blood-stained sword of his own son, Absalom. About him and his few followers were unseen perils; behind him his home, Jerusalem, the temple where he had been accustomed to worship; before him the uncertainty of a fugitive; possibly death. It is easy for us to-day to sit in safety and glibly repeat this Psalm; but it meant more than we in our circumstances can conceive, when amid experiences such as these the song went up from that hastily retreating camp, "The Lord God is a

sun," the source of all good; "and the Lord God is a shield"; a defense from all perils.

That is a very striking passage of St. James, "Be not deceived, my beloved brethren. Every good gift and every perfect boon is from above, coming down from the Father of Light, with whom can be no variation, neither shadow that is cast by turning." See how true it is, that all our good gifts come from above. "Our fuel comes from below." No; from above, for the coal and the wood are only bottled up sunlight. "Our food comes from below." No; for the vegetables, the beasts and the grain on which they live are only sunshine transformed. "The waters come from below." No; for if the sun did not come every day and in the form of vapors bear upward in its arms from the briny seas millions and millions of tons of those same waters, sweetening and purifying them, to pour them out again on the mountain summits, every living thing would die of thirst. Your sun, O believer, is the Lord God; and He is your shield: your sun to provide, your shield to protect.

"He will give grace and glory": glory at the end of the journey and grace, which means

help, all the way along. In the twenty-third Psalm, David seems to embody this thought when he says, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." And there he stops. He does not specify one thing nor another, whether food, or raiment, or friends, or protection. He simply leaves the object of that verb blank. It is like a signed check with the figures omitted. "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want"—what? Anything which I may really need.

And this is emphasized when this text tells us of what God will withhold: "no good thing." I do not know what that may mean to you; possibly it may mean "good" sickness, or "good" loneliness, or "good" privation. To Job it meant the death of his flocks, the persecution of his enemies, the alienation of his friends; and yet, it was a "good thing," for it led him to exclaim with humility at the last, "I know that my Redeemer liveth!" To David it meant the loss of his little child; and yet, it was a "good thing," for it led him to whisper with the upward glance of faith, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now

have I kept Thy law." And no "good thing" will He withhold from you, though it may be some "good" sorrow.

But stop! I find a condition annexed to this text. To whom does it apply? If you are sneaking under the hedges, it does not mean you; if you are crouching on all fours and trying to deceive your Maker or your fellow man, it does not mean you. But if you are honestly seeking to stand upon your feet, to hold your head erect; if you are trying to look life and death, time and eternity, the created and the Creator, straight in the face, then to you belongs this promise in all its fulness, "The Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will He withhold from THEM THAT WALK UPRIGHTLY!"

A TEST OF YOUR NOBILITY.

"And also much cattle."—JONAH 4 : 11.

THE poetry of the world begins with the story of a dog. It is where Homer in his Odyssey tells of Ulysses returning from his wanderings to be recognized by none save the faithful hound, who, without sufficient strength left to crawl to the feet of his master, shows his joy by the drooping of his ears and the wag of his tail. Who that has seen Joseph Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle has not felt the moisture of tears upon his cheek when the old man, after his sleep of twenty years, coming back to his home bewildered that no one greets him, exclaims with quiet pathos as though thinking aloud, "If my dog Schneider vas here, he would know me!" Now, is it not one of the great mysteries that the most ignoble of men possesses well-nigh limitless power to torture and to kill the noblest of beasts?

But observe this; that he who is unkind to

his animals, whether he lives in Brownstone Park or Pigsty Alley, is the lowest type of man that can be found ; and for this reason : genuine nobility always finds expression in kindness which reaches downward. There may be a selfish motive in that which reaches upward, or even along the same plane. They who stand there can repay us again. Gratitude toward them may simply be, "a lively appreciation of favors to come." But when we are kind to our dependents, to the men and women who can give us nothing in return, to the dumb brutes who cannot even report us to our neighbors, then, however else we may have sinned, it shows that the God in us is not yet completely dead. In "Bob, Son of Battle," so long as M'Adam could put his arms about Red Wull's neck and stroke his "massive head," there was a chance even for him.

Thus, there is no more universal test of the civilization of a nation, or the nobility of a man, than the way in which they treat their defenseless women and their dumb brutes. Where do they have bull-fights? In Spain. I have seen in the Far East the driver of the patient ass, when it could scarcely stagger be-

cause of its heavy load, not only beat it with a stick, but lifting a great stone by the wayside, hurl it with cursings on the animal's back. And it is that spirit which causes it to remain "the Far East." If it shall ever attain civilization, it will take its women out of harems, and cease to torture its animals; for the nobler love is always that which descends towards helplessness. Would you prove this? Compare the love of the child for the parent with that of the parent for the child; or that of man to God with that of God to man.

Now this text is full of pathos. It shows the mean littleness of Jonah, and the wonderful greatness of Jehovah. The prophet had predicted that Nineveh should be destroyed; but Nineveh repented and was spared. Then Jonah became angry and sulked, and "went out of the city, and sat on the east side of the city," because his prophecy was not fulfilled. And when he became still more angry because the gourd which had suddenly grown to shelter him from the sun withered in a night, God said to him, "Doest thou well to be angry for the gourd? And he said, I do well to be angry, even unto death. Then said the Lord,

Thou hast had pity on the gourd, for which thou hast not labored, neither madest it grow; which came up in a night and perished in a night: and should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand, and their left hand; and also much cattle?"

Let us remember that to be like God is to cultivate the love which descends. There can be no true worship which reaches up, unless ours is a gentleness which reaches down. What quaint old Rowland Hill used to say is true, "No man can be a good Christian, unless his cat and his dog are the better for it."

Now, how can we spread this thought? First, by example. We can join the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Then we can practice what we preach by ceasing to check our horses' heads so high as to keep them in torture every moment that they are serving us. It "shows off" them; yes, and it "shows off" you; in them, curved lines; in you, crooked tendencies. We can cease docking their tails, the only weapon they have against the flies.

And having set the example, we are prepared to educate our children. We can read to them the twenty-second chapter of Deuteronomy, in which even the early Israelites were taught that if there happened to be a bird's nest before them in the way, either in a tree or on the ground, and the mother bird was sitting on the eggs, they should not take the eggs nor the mother bird, "that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days." We can establish in our public schools, as they have in the eastern cities, "Bands of Mercy," to teach our children the lesson of kindness to animals. We can place in our homes such literature as "Beautiful Jo" and "Rab and His Friends," and "Black Beauty," that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the barnyard.

Three years ago, sitting by the side of her who had grown too frail longer to bear the burdens of the home, and who has since gone to that other home where burdens are laid down, we were together studying where we should send our little lad. It was a solemn hour to us when we reached the decision to place him in that distant school and home among the far-off Berkshire hills of old New Eng-

land; to commit him to the care of one whom then we had never seen, of whom we had only heard from friends who had learned to love him, as she and I both learned to love him afterwards. I shall never forget the smile which lit her face, the rest and content which seemed to fall upon her soul, as we read his words:

"Physical punishment is used in only a few cases, and then as a last resort. We find most boys readily responsive to all appeals to their finer instincts. It is an easy matter comparatively to keep within bounds a disposition to bully or torment younger ones, or to fight. A fight is a rare occurrence.

"It is greatly to the credit of the boys that shy birds come and make their nests on the playground every year, and even build regularly on the porch near the schoolhouse door. At the time of this writing a pair of robins that have for two years built on the posts of the schoolhouse porch have begun a new nest in the vine, immediately over the step, not more than eighteen inches above the heads of the noisy stream that passes directly under them back and forth all day long, and within

a few yards of the spot worn smooth by the most frequent gatherings on the whole ground. The little animals of our woods run about freely, without fear of sticks or stones. The domestic animals have no fear of abuse from the boys; the horses receive many affectionate caresses from them. Concerning these animal friends, we feel that it is a shame to sell them after long service, just because they can no longer render it. We teach our boys that they should be kept and allowed to end their days in comfort."

Do you wonder that we sent our little lad to such a school as that? The writer of those words never thought when he wrote them that they would be repeated to a congregation numbering 20,000 families, as they are being repeated to-night. But they deserve to be, for they will help to make us all wiser and more kindly. What would this world be without such men? Why not become one of them?

THE MEN WITH THEE.

"What men are these with thee?"—NUMBERS 22 : 9.

NO man is equal to life. If he would successfully resist the onslaught of events it must be by becoming linked with other men. It is this underlying consciousness of individual incompleteness, which is the formative fact in the growth of nations, cities, families—yes, and personal comradeships. It is the fact discovered long ago by the writer of Ecclesiastes: "Two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labor. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow; but woe to him that is alone when he falleth, for he hath not another to help him up."

Thus, a man's capital is in his friendships. Put a pin in here. Lay down this paper and think about it for a moment. Trace the history of any successful man whom you happen to know. You will find in nearly every in-

stance that, granting his measure of ability, his success has depended upon the kind of friends whom he has made. "Tell me the secret of your life," said Mrs. Browning to Charles Kingsley. And he answered, "I had a friend."

The prophet of Pethor was apparently of good and successful intentions until after he had affiliated himself with the princes of Balak; but, as J. G. Holland reminds us in his "Letters to the Joneses," "Life nearly always follows the current of its friendships." "Live with wolves," says the Spanish proverb, "and you will learn to howl like a wolf." Therefore, are we told, "God came unto Balaam and said: 'What men are these with thee?'"

As in his case, so in ours; our companions are first a revelation of what we are, and, secondly, a premonstration of what we shall become. It is difficult sometimes truthfully to judge of men; to sift their character from their reputation, for the two are not always synonymous. Character is what a man is; reputation is simply what the world thinks he is. And sometimes the distance between these

two reaches from hell to heaven. But there is one test which scarcely ever fails. What is the character of the men who best love him, and whom he most loves? "What men are these with thee?" That is the real man. You will find it so almost every time. Are they lecherous, of unclean mind and tongue? Down in the heart of him, so is he. Are they true, kindly, self-sacrificing, seeking to be genuine through and through? Are these the men who love him and whom he best loves? When you reach the core of his being, that is what he is.

And in the end the verdict of your community concerning you turns on a recognition of this governing fact. You may not think that you are being thought about or talked about or judged; but you are. And that judgment is being based not half so much on what you do or say—for words and actions can sometimes, though not always, be put on like a coat—as by the character of the people whom the silent influence of your personality is drawing to you. "What men are these with thee?" That is you; and it is your neighbor's criterion concerning you.

And then, moreover, if you will read this twenty-second chapter of Numbers you will see that the men with us, our associates, are not only a revelation of what we are, but a premonstration of what we shall become. This truth is so trite that I hesitate to linger upon it. Yet the trite truths are the truest truths, and often the most likely to be neglected. On the weather-beaten sign-board the letters become obliterated for the very reason that it is weather-beaten. "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" Hazael said when the prophet predicted his future, and yet, as an old writer reminds us, "The dog did it." Would you see what you will become? Turn to the character of the men among whom you are forming your comradeships. Then read again from those immortal proverbs of Solomon, "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

LET US TRY TO BE FAIR—A KINDLY WORD FOR ALL PARTIES.

"Let there be no strife I pray thee, . . . for we be brethren."—GENESIS 13: 8.

EVERY man should have his calling at which he works: his vocation. And every man should have his hobby, with which he plays: his avocation. It is as much his duty to listen to the voices which summon him away from work, as to those which summon him to it. If for any one of us this is not possible, it ought to be.

He who has to toil so many hours that he cannot find sufficient time for play, whether he be the president of a great corporation, or the laborer who digs its road-bed, has, except under extraordinary circumstances, a just grievance against society. And any body of men who have in view the purpose of securing an eight-hour working day, while still receiving a living wage, however the conservative observer may be called upon from time to time to criticise

their methods, are contending for a cause which is that of righteousness and truth.

We are eight-hour clocks, but are so delicately constructed that it takes sixteen hours to wind us up. Out of every working day, eight hours should be devoted to labor, mental or physical, or both; eight hours to meals, outdoor recreation and domestic society, and eight to sleep; to lie still, temporarily dead, with the world passing by while we are in the shop for repairs.

It is true, that as yet this may be only an ideal, but from every standpoint, physical and spiritual, that ideal must never be surrendered until it shall have been attained. "Where there is no vision the people perish." Where these conditions do not already exist, the change will probably have to come gradually, for real progress is very slow, but they who are contending for that change are right.

Now, what shall be our attitude in the meantime? The wise man will be very careful how he deals in indiscriminate denunciation. We are all of us together, the presidents of our great corporations, as truly as the men whom they employ, passing through an industrial

transition period. The men of brain and the men of brawn, the manager in the office and the switch tender at the street crossing, are like straws on a stream being swept forward by events and tendencies for which they themselves are not responsible. He who denounces with bitter and inflammatory speech, whether it be in the form of a newspaper editorial or a street corner harangue, any industrious class in society, whether he be the man with millions or the man with none, is the worst of enemies to the community in which he lives. He is an enemy, because he is using adjectives which do not fit, and making statements which are not true. He is throwing sparks into gunpowder.

What good does it do to call an opponent "a jawsmith," or "a blather-skite," or any other term of supposed opprobrium? What does it accomplish except to stir up needless hatred and strife, and to show that we ourselves have lost our temper, and are in no proper mood to speak with wisdom? There is a very remarkable passage in scripture: "The Lord is slow to anger, and of great power." If He were of less real power, He would be less patient. Let us, first of all, try to be fair.

To call names is not a sign of strength, but weakness. Children do that; but not men, unless they are childish men. If our neighbors are wrong, let us tell them why they are wrong, but invective is not argument. It is not an appeal to reason and justice, but to passion and prejudice.

I know few instances, for example, in which great enterprises are being carried forward, where the employers are not working harder, and enduring longer hours of labor, than their employees. It is true, they are not always in their offices as long as their clerks are at their desks; but their brains are being consumed. Wherever they may be they are thinking and planning, for a great deal longer period, out of every day, than nature has intended. They are stealing time from their legitimate hours for play and for sleep, in which to work. And I know of few men who would not gladly alter such conditions, both for themselves and for those in their employ, if they could see clearly how it might be safely done.

If we shall remember this—all of us: that we are together in the stream, sometimes as resistless as the rapids above Niagara; that

most men are at heart sound; that most men would rather be kind than unkind, just than unjust; and that what seems to us at times wilful perversity, is often either unconscious blindness or the meaningless and convulsive striking out of men in the current who feel their helplessness, it will lead us to be more patient towards one another, even when those who do not think as we do may seem to us to be impeding the way of progress.

And now, I wish to make a statement which to some will be a surprise; that among all the works which I have read along these lines, and I have read a great many, I have found nothing more judicial in its tone, nothing more fair and kind, than a book, epoch-marking, if not epoch-making, from the pen of a workingman. Concerning this publication on "Organized Labor," Dr. Felix Adler, one of the weightiest speakers and writers in the United States, has recently said:

"John Mitchell's book reflects great credit upon him. I wish that those, especially those who smart under the sense of injuries received from trade unionism, would read this book of one of our latter-day labor leaders. It is fair,

it is broad-minded. You can see that the man tries to get the point of view of his opponents and to state it fairly. There is not a trace of acrimony, invective nor rhetoric. It is sound, businesslike and contains a great deal of information and a great deal of reflection."

Dr. Felix Adler is right. This book, whether we shall agree with all its positions or not, is a model of method. And therein lies a suggestion for all of us. When Peter the Great was contending with Charles XII, he was at first defeated. Then he studied the tactics of his enemy, and exclaimed, "The Swedes are teaching us to beat them!"

Perhaps here is a hint worth heeding; for remember, these questions confronting us today have got to be settled. And nothing is settled until it is settled right.

THE BRIGHT LIGHT IN THE CLOUD.

"Men see not the bright light which is in the clouds."—Job 37 : 21.

EMPHASIZE that little word "in." You have been sitting amid the shadows thinking that there could be no gladness for you until all the disappointments and mysteries of life had cleared away; but that is a mistake. It is not in the removal of the cloud that you may find your "bright light," but in it. Perhaps your lot may be, as the lot of others has been, one continued struggle to the end; for God may know that that is best. Then here is a word of comfort for you. When you shall have finished reading this sermon, lay down the paper for a few minutes and think about it. Your great blessing may be in the very disappointment itself. "Men see not the bright light which is in the clouds."

Possibly your trouble is business anxiety. You have suffered a great financial loss, and you say, "What is there for me now?"

Well, there is this: there is a sense of dependence upon God, a humility and a tenderness for others, which you probably never would have known if you had always experienced what men call "good fortune." True, you might have been an exception, but if you have observed human nature, you know that in the vast majority of instances, such has been the result of uninterrupted prosperity. Where the sun shines all the time, there can be nothing but a desert. The fruitfulness of your life thus far has come out of the cloud.

If any man was the creature of "good fortune," it was Nero. What was there that the world could furnish which he did not have? And as you read his life, do you envy him? But there was another man living in the same world and at the same time. Instead of a palace he had a prison. Instead of giving dinners which cost more than a hundred thousand dollars for a single meal, his fare was often of the simplest, and sometimes, I think, he had nothing at all. But which would you rather be: Nero, seeking his light in the dispersion of the cloud, or Paul seeking his light in it?

And the apostle's experience is only typical of lives which are being lived to-day; possibly yours. Is it not true that the sweetest men and women you have ever known, they whose footfall you would most love to hear upon your door-step in time of trouble, are those who have been mellowed and rendered holy by not always having their own way?

Now, what has been done, can be done, by you as by others; yes, it is being done to-day, if not by you, by others. They are finding their bright light in the cloud, while you are finding only darkness. Rev. Dr. Theodore Cuyler, somewhere tells of a friend of his, the Rev. Dr. Hamilton of London, visiting one of his parishioners as she lay racked with a pulmonary cough in the first stages of consumption. And he said to her, "Is it not hard for one used to being so active to be laid aside from your mission school, and all your work of charity?"

But she had learned to spell disappointment with an H so that it had become only "His appointment"; and she said, "When I was well, God used to say to me, 'Bettie, go take loaves to the hungry; Bettie, go teach in the

mission school.' Now God says to me: 'Bettie, lie still here and cough.' And I know I am serving God as much while I cough away my life on this bed, as I ever did in church or mission school." Nero fell on his sword. Bettie, as the Scriptures express it, "After she had served her generation, fell on sleep." Which of these got the most out of life? Which of these put the most into it?

My friend, I wish I might lay my hand tenderly upon your shoulder and look into your eye while I say this, but I cannot do that, for I shall not be near you when you read these words, but let me say it just as earnestly as I can: do not waste your sorrows. They come to you laden with blessing, if you will but look for it. They contain a "bright light." If you are in sorrow and trouble, may the Lord Jesus Christ help you to seek that light, and to find it! Thus yours shall be a "peace which the world can neither give nor take away," but which "passeth all understanding."

THE FINE ART OF BEING A HELPER.

"They cut off his thumbs."—JUDGES 1 : 6.

IT strikes me that there are two great lessons in that little act, when we come to think about it: the importance of insignificance, and the insignificance of importance. What is the thumb? It is simply a helper. Not only is it the smallest finger, but the homeliest; apparently the most poorly formed; two joints instead of three. Nor is that all; it is "peculiar"; it stands apart by itself. And yet, like some much misunderstood and "peculiar" people, it has a latent strength which none of its associates possesses. It has eight muscles, some of them reaching clear up into the arm, to give it a power all its own. It is the only instance in the human body where the joints are so saddle-formed as to enable the member to move in all directions, thus bringing it opposite each finger when required.

Do you not see the lesson? Take the

thumb by itself, and what could it do? Nothing. It would be what its name signifies: a mere "knob," an excrescence. The man with only a thumb might almost as well have only a wrist. But in association with the other fingers what can it not do? As a helper it can wield a sword and win a battle; it can hold a pen and write a Bible.

You may be so formed as to be well-nigh useless as an independent entity; but if you are willing to cease murmuring because you are not an index finger; if you are willing to be just a helper, a plain useful thumb, you may make yourself so valuable that this world cannot get along without you; and not only valuable, but happy. It was Herbert Spencer who told us that "every creature is happy when he is fully using his powers." That was a wise remark which I once heard made by the Rev. James A. Spurgeon, who for so many years was the valuable—yes, the invaluable—assistant of his famous brother Charles. In commenting on his work at the London Tabernacle he said: "I am the brother of Charles Spurgeon. I am his assistant, and I rejoice to be just that and nothing more; for long ago I

learned that when two people ride on horseback, one of them must ride behind." Wise man that! You may not be the trigger finger; but the trigger finger could not bring down the game if you did not steady the gun.

There is an overlooked character in that marvelous story of the day of Pentecost. A great deal is said about Peter and his sermon which, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, brought 3,000 people to repentance. "The hand of the Lord" was made manifest that day, and Peter was a very important finger. But there is nothing said in the entire chapter about Andrew. The fact is that he is only mentioned half a dozen times in the whole Bible, and then incidentally. But so far as human probability is concerned, Pentecost never could have happened had it not been for him. He could not preach the sermon; but away back there in the early days of the ministry of Jesus Christ, it was Andrew who "first found his own brother Simon," who could. And I have sometimes thought I could see him on that triumphant and joyous day, seated perhaps in one of the corners unnoticed by any; only a thumb. But he was a very happy and

a very grateful thumb, for he had done his best. He had helped Simon Peter, when Peter most needed help, and now Peter was helping 3,000 people. If you are just a thumb, perhaps insignificant in appearance, apparently deformed; no matter! Be a good thumb. You may develop more strength in your position than any finger in the hand.

And we are also taught, not only the importance of insignificance, but the insignificance of importance. Cut off the thumb, and what could all the other boastful fingers accomplish? A crowded congregation listening to a preacher of the gospel, thinks, perhaps, only of him. But if he is wise he knows very well that he could do nothing at all were it not for the faithful members of his vestry down there in the congregation, whose whole thought it is to relieve him of care that he may devote himself to his work; were it not for the others, men and women, perhaps unnamed by the multitude present in the temple and unnoticed, but upon whom as he glances over the throng of upturned faces in the moment before beginning his discourse, his eye falls with

a sense of gratitude and strength. No preacher ever yet succeeded grandly in his work except him, who had learned to appreciate and to use his thumbs.

And the same is true in every walk of life. Take away the soldiers, and what can a general do? Read Victor Hugo's description of Napoleon at Waterloo and find out. You are a successful merchant? Then learn to appreciate your bookkeeper and your clerks. Thumbs? Yes. Tried to set themselves up in business and could not? Yes, for they were not made for that, and they have been wise enough to find it out. But listen! You could not get along without them. Do not treat them as different clay. You were made to be a part of them, and they a part of you. Remember that. What would your work have been worth to-day if your thumbs had been cut off?

WHICH?

"Choose."—JOSHUA 24 : 15.

YOU are a young man or a young woman just facing your future. Life stretches out before you and you want to make it a success. But how? That will depend upon the character of your choices. This evening I wish to speak to you of only one, but *the* one; because all the others will in great measure be determined by this. During the years that you are to live here among men, you will be numbered, actually or tacitly, either with those who are trying to live Christian lives, who believe in the Church, in the Bible, in Jesus Christ and in God, or among those who do not. And which shall it be?

Here is a single thought which may help you to determine. If I were standing in your place, with all of life and its issues before me, it would be to me decisive. Christianity is an Institution, but Infidelity is a Destitution.

Let me tell you a story: Robert Ingersoll was a kind-hearted man. He was loved by all who intimately knew him. He was a man who ought to have stood for Christianity, and if he had, his beneficent influence would have reached into eternity, for in many respects America has seldom produced his peer. But in early years he met a clergyman who walked crooked. He was one of the kind who, when he was in the pulpit one felt that he never ought to come out; and when he was out of the pulpit, one knew that he never ought to go in. As the result of the prejudice there conceived, one of the most brilliant men who have ever spoken from the platform, spent his life in caricaturing Christianity and misrepresenting its disciples.

And here is the story. Perhaps it is not true; but that makes no difference. It might have been; and the supreme fact which it illustrates is true. I have heard it stated that one day at a dinner where Henry Ward Beecher was present, Mr. Ingersoll was denouncing Christianity with his accustomed bitterness and caricaturing the Bible with his accustomed wit. In the midst of his mono-

logue the Plymouth pastor turning to him, said:

"Pardon me, Colonel, for changing the current of the conversation, but I saw an awful thing to-day." And the Colonel asked, "What was it?"

"Well," said the old man, while all eyes were turned upon him, "I was walking down town, and a poor fellow was trying to cross the street on his crutches. He had just reached the centre of Broadway, and was hobbling along the best he could, when a great strong man came up behind him and, knocking out his crutch from beneath his arm caused him to fall prostrate in the mud."

And they all cried, "Shame!" And Colonel Ingersoll, with his big heart touched and his eyes aglow, exclaimed again, "Shame!" And then Mr. Beecher, partly rising from his chair, running his fingers through his long white flowing locks, as his custom was when aroused, fixed his gaze on the other, and said in a tone of tenderness and sorrow, but touched with righteous indignation:

"Yes, Colonel, and you are the man. The human soul is lame. It finds it hard to stand

upright, and to walk amid the dangerous and slippery places of life. Christianity does render help. It does give a crutch; something to lean on in times of trouble. And what are you doing? You are knocking out from under that poor, helpless, stumbling human soul the only prop it has, and you are giving nothing in its place."

My friend, is not that true? You may spend all your time if you will, finding fault with Christian people; mocking them because they are lame, and because they sometimes stumble as they try to walk along the slippery path towards home. You may ridicule their religion, and the Bible, and the churches, and the work they are trying to do. But can you suggest anything better? Is it not true that the old Book brings comfort and help when nothing else can? Is it not true that Christianity is an institution, and infidelity only a destitution?

I lay my ear along the ground, and there come to me two voices, each bidding me to follow them. I am not denying that they are both honest; but so was the engineer who last week mistook the signal light on the Chicago

& Rock Island Railroad and carried those under his charge to death. Which will lead us the best? One is the voice of such a guide of Professor Clifford, who in his lectures and essays says: "It cannot be denied that theistic belief is a comfort and a solace to those who hold it, and that the loss of it is a very painful loss. . . . We have seen the spring sun shine out of an empty heaven to light up a soulless earth. We have felt with utter loneliness that the Great Companion is dead."

The other comes to us across the centuries. It has brought help to many millions, tempted and troubled, just as, sooner or later, you must be; and it is bringing help to-day. Listen and then choose: "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. . . . Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me!"

Which?

GREAT LITTLE THINGS.

"There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes."— JOHN 6 : 9.

HERE was a lad who was rich and he did not know it until the Master showed him how rich he was. They were not even wheat loaves which he had, but "barley," and that was the food of the very poor. Even the Roman soldiers were only compelled to eat it by way of punishment. And of these "barley loaves" there were but "five." And there on the shores of the Galilean sea nothing could have been cheaper than fishes; "two fishes," and these "small." Yet, under the guidance of the Master, there was enough to satisfy the hunger of the lad himself, and a great multitude of men and women besides. It is an old story, but O, how hard it is for us to learn: the making the most of our little possessions; our "five barley loaves and two small fishes."

All of Christ's miracles were parables in

motion. Their value lay in their lesson. And the chief lesson here is that which lies on the surface: that if we bring our modest gifts to Him, whether in the way of talents or possessions, He will multiply their usefulness a thousandfold. And there are other and majestic teachings here reaching up to the very Deity of the Son of God. But these, perhaps, are best fitted for the profounder preaching of a Sunday service. My purpose is far more humble to-night. With this text for a guide-post, I want to help you this week to discover the unrecognized blessings in insignificant things.

There is a branch of education which no college curriculum contains. It is more important to us than the study of the stars. It is more valuable to us than many millions of money. It is the habit of cultivating, every day, life's small pleasures. For many of you who shall read these words, harassed with perplexities which are inseparable from the conditions of modern existence, it is an undiscovered realm of liberty. Within that realm lie cooling valleys, and still waters, and verdure, and peace, and everything to make life sweet. Those whom you will meet there are very sel-

dom the rich; not very often the great; though for them also, the gates are always wide open, for none are shut out save such as shut out themselves.

But the reason why they so seldom discover this realm, is because they learn to value only that which is exceptional; and the exceptional is very rare, else it would not be exceptional. Consequently their sphere of happiness is necessarily limited. This is why so many of the rich and the great are unhappy almost all their lives. And we cannot understand it, because in our minds we so frequently confound happiness with the instruments of happiness. It is like confounding heat with coal. When you get into the right climate, you do not need the coal. You are warmer than the people who have so much of it stored away in their bins, that they do not know what to do with it.

"Give me good health and a June morning," said Emerson, "and I can laugh at kings." And Emerson was wise. Better a Southern California climate in March than a whole mountain of carbon elsewhere. The actors tell us they would much rather play to an audience of the "common people," than to one

which represents the aristocracy; they are so much more appreciative, their enjoyment is so much keener, because they are more easily pleased with little things.

And of this kind of pleasure, the observation of an insect, or a little child's laughter, or the passing smile of a friend, or even a funny story clipped from a newspaper, funny but clean, there is never any lack. And you who have learned to appreciate these things are rich every day. Do not permit yourself to be troubled because there are those who regard your simple pleasures pityingly, as though they were in reality only "five barley loaves and two small fishes." They have never learned the lesson of the Master. They are the poor, and you are the rich. They do not know what resources you possess. They do not realize that there is more unadulterated happiness in the evening-hour songs, in your little dwelling, than they can find in the grandest opera ever prepared for them. For, is it not your wife, or your daughter, or your boy, who is singing?

Yes, the best feature of these little pleasures is, that there is never any lack of them.

"How glad I am," said an old lady looking at the ocean for the first time, "to find one thing of which there is enough." Thus when this habit of cultivating the small pleasures of life is once acquired, it removes from us so much anxiety; having once found our way into this garden, no one can ever close its gates to us again. And no other possession will bring so great returns.

The author of "How to Be Happy Though Married" tells us that one day he and his boy were visiting the Zoological gardens at Marseilles, and they were both impressed with the good-humored look on the face of one of the inmates of the monkeys' cage. There he sat on his hind legs near the bars, bowing and smiling at the visitors, while his companions were fighting or sulking in the background. On their way home he said to his boy, "Did you see the little fellow in front, who seemed to be determined to make the best of everything?" "Yes, I did," answered the boy, "and I noticed that he got most of the nuts."

HOW MAY WE KNOW OUR DUTY?

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest."—ECCLESIASTES 9 : 10.

THIS text quivers with life. It seems to come to us, not in the silence of the sanctuary, but in the open field; harvests on every side waiting to be reaped, the morning gone, the sun creeping into the afternoon, and we listless. Then comes the voice, "Up! to thy work, for the opportunity for thee soon will be over! Behold the shadows lengthen; the night cometh!"

In the first place, here is an exhortation to do something. That little explosive word ends one clause and begins another. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it." A healthy life is an active life. Do you know why the Dead Sea is the Dead Sea? It is for the same reason that many a life is a dead life; because it has

no outlet. It is always receiving and never giving.

And it calls upon us not simply to do something, but to do the right thing. Now, I hear some one say, "That is just what I want to know. It is the great question of my life. What is the right thing?" My friend, the author of this text tells us absolutely. The right thing for you to do is the duty which lies just at your right hand. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it." I refuse to believe that any earnest Christian worker has to look for work. "Lift up thine eyes and behold the fields, for they are white already for the harvest."

Truly we must lift up our eyes; we must place ourselves in a receptive mood; but, believe me, God's work for you lies at your front door, at your right hand, to-day. The great difficulty with most of us is that we desire to do the work which lies at some other man's right hand. Perhaps yours is a humble work, and you are discontented. Well, Gideon was a farmer's hired man, St. Paul was a tent-maker, St. Peter a fisherman, Jesus a carpenter. But the field and the shop became a

temple, as yours may be, when it was consecrated by prayer and dedicated to the most high God. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it." And if He intends that thy hand shall find anything else to do, if yours is a life of prayer and faith, you may be very certain He will make it plain.

> "Do the work that's nearest,
> Though it's dull at whiles;
> Helping when you meet them
> Lame dogs over stiles."

But this text tells us not only that we must do something; that we must do the right thing, but that we must do the right thing in the right way. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Our Lord was spoken of as one who was mighty in word and deed before God and all the people, and one reason why He was mighty was that all His aims were focalized. If we would make a breach in the wall we must train our guns on one point.

And, finally, we are taught here not simply that we must do something, and do the right thing, and do the right thing in the right way, but that we must do it at the right time.

When is the right time? To-day, for "there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest." Oh, how much you intend to do some time—some time.

But know you not that to-morrow will be only another to-day? Then why not begin here and now? What a very short time we have for our work at the best. The average generation is thirty years. Suppose you double that and live until you are sixty? What then? Out of that sixty years for twenty years you will have been asleep, for one-third of our time, eight hours out of every day, we must spend in simply oiling the machine, and, behold, a lifetime of sixty years is reduced at once to forty. For five years you will have been seated at your meals, simply putting fuel into the machine to keep it running, and your forty years have become thirty-five. Deduct four hours a day for rest, recreation, holidays, sickness—ten years more—and your thirty-five have dwindled to twenty-five. And now from that deduct the period of infancy and childhood—ten years more—and out of a full-grown life of sixty years there remain fifteen years

of work. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest."

THE PERILS OF A PROSPEROUS PARISH.

Addressed to the congregation of Christ Parish after they had entered their new House of Worship.

My dear People:

In the history of many Churches there are certain well-defined steps from usefulness to uselessness: after INWARDNESS, then OUTWARDNESS, SELFISHNESS, DEATH. These last three represent the possible perils of prosperity.

A company of people is drawn together by a genuine desire to worship God, and cultivate the spirituality of the inner life; that is INWARDNESS. Others, who are hungering for help, feel the uplifting influence of that atmosphere; they are attracted to them, and become a part of them; the church is crowded; and gradually the main purpose for which at first they gathered is forgotten, or made subordinate; and the thoughts of that people come to be centred upon external indications

of prosperity. They begin to count the carriages at the door; to emphasize the social prestige of the attendants; to have itchings for the reputation of a "fashionable Parish." That is OUTWARDNESS. When this once takes possession, spirituality departs. The missionary offerings decrease. Christian emulation dwindles into ecclesiastical competition. Parochialism reigns; and the formal prayers for the increase of Christ's Kingdom throughout the world ascend to the rafters—but no higher. That is SELFISHNESS. Then there is only one step left; and that is DEATH.

Beloved, let us beware! I do not think you specially need this reminder, except as all of us need it. I think you want to be Christlike, and unselfish, and generous, and kind; but let us remember that the temptations of prosperity are very subtle and very real.

Cornelius á Lapide tells us that once Thomas Aquinas visited Pope Innocent IV at Rome. The Pope showed him the accumulated treasures of the papal palace. "See, Thomas," said Innocent, "the Church can no more say, as it did in those first days, 'Silver and gold have I none,'" and Thomas Aquinas replied, "True,

Holy Father, but the Church can no more say to the sick and the lame, 'In the Name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk!'"

Affectionately, your Friend and Rector,

GEO. THOS. DOWLING.

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